THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 26, 1806.

THE LOVERS,

A Spanish Romance.

[Translated from the French of M. Florian.]

AT the early age of seventeen, Isabella was left an orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune; which, in addition to her beauty and accomplishments, rendered her a most desirable object to most of the youthful cavaliers in Granada. She was left under the guardianship of an old uncle, obstinate and covetous, named Alonzo, who designed to unite his rich and lovely niece with his son Henriquez, a dull student at Salamanca. Alonzo, vigilantly careful of his charge, never suffered her to quit the house but to attend mass, whither he also attended her, more through motives of avarice than devotion, lest he should be robbed of his fair treasure by one of the numerous cavaliers who repaired daily to chapel to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Isabella. Among the most admired nobles of the city, was Don Pedro, a captain in the cavalry, moderately rich, of an illustrious house, and distinguished for his gallantries. His amiable manners, and graceful figure, attracted the admiration of all the ladies in Granada; but Isabella alone had power to attract Don Pedro, and he had soon the satisfaction of knowing that she did not regard him with indifference; but suffered the painful mortification of passing two months without daring to address her. At length he contrived to put a letter in her hand, in which he revealed his passion, in terms likely to interest a heart even less tender than that of the charming Isabella. Agreeable as this declaration was, female delicacy dictated the necessity of appearing indig-

nant, and Isabella returned Don Pedro's letter; but her memory was retentive, and every passionate sentence was treasured in her mind, with sentiments most advantageous to the writer. Don Pedro, too ardent to be easily discouraged, made a second attempt; and Isabella, unwilling to appear ungrateful, condescended to reply; and her lover, emboldened by his success, presumed to solicit an interview, which, after a long sacrifice to self-denial, was permitted; and at the still hour of midnight, according to the Spanish custom, Don Pedro stationed himself beneath her window. The lattice was opened softly; the lovely Isabella appeared, and, in a tremulous voice, pronounced her lover's name. Don Pedro was transported with joy, and gazed delighted on the features of his mistress, whose veil fell carelessly on her shoulder, and whose fine eyes beamed a lively pleasure, reflected by the brilliant moonbeams, which illumined the scene, and increased the delight of this unrestrained interview. A thousand times Don Pedro repeated vows of eternal fidelity, and received from Isabella assurances equally tender, 'till the dawn of day warned them to separate, when the friendly zephyrs wafted the parting salute which the envious bars denied.

The window at which Isabella had given her lover this meeting, opened into an alley inhabited by the poorest class of people; and an old woman who had been a nurse in Don Pedro's family, inhabited a little chamber exactly opposite to the apartment of Isabella. The lover was not long before he discovered this circumstance, and impatiently hastened to the habitation, which to him had all the charms of a palace. "My good mother," said he, "I have suffered you to remain too long in this miserable place; I am ashamed of my neglect:" and as he spoke, a blush of real shame tinged his cheek; for his heart was truly generous, and forgetfulness alone was ever the cause of his apparent insensibility to the wants of others. The old woman, learning his intention of removing her to more commodious lodgings, overwhelmed him with thanks and blessings; and Don Pedro rapturously took possession of his homely apartment.

At night Isabella appeared. The houses were so close, that he could reach her hand; and with this privilege Don Pedro thought himself the most favoured, the most happy of mankind. At this period of successful love, the arrival of the young student from Salamanca was a most cruel interruption. The formal Henriquez considered love a task, and presented his declaration, which, to evince his learning, was written in Latin, and covered three sheets of paper, corrected and interlined by his tutor. Isabella would have turned this into ridicule: but that her old uncle peremptorily insisted on fixing the day for her marriage with Henriquez. Don Pedro heard

this

this intelligence with the utmost anxiety, and intreated his mistress to consent to an elopement. Driven to despair, Isabella could not refuse compliance; and they planned the mode of their escape with the greatest precision and address. It was resolved, that Isabella should feign approbation of the match, to gain time; secure a casket of jewels, bequeathed to her by her mother, which would supply them a considerable time; and when a suitable opportunity offered, escape to her lover. They were then to take refuge in Portugal, where they intended to be married; after which Don Pedro determined to sue Alonzo for his wife's fortune. Nothing remained, but to secure the key of the lattice; and this Isabella at length effected; and the night was fixed for their elopement. When the hour of twelve sounded, Don Pedro stationed his horses at a convenient distance, and hastened to seek his mistress, when his progress was checked by the clashing of swords, and a voice calling aloud for help; and hastily turning the corner of a street, he beheld two men attacked by five bravoes, who seemed determined to assassinate them. The brave Don Pedro for a moment forgot his engagement, and threw himself on the aggressors; wounded two of them, and compelled the others to find safety in flight; when, to his infinite surprise and chagrin, he beheld in the persons of those he had succoured, Alonzo and Henriquez! The young cavaliers of Granada, envious of the student's expected happinesss, in obtaining the hand of Isabella, had determined to sacrifice him to their vengeance, and hired desperadoes to assassinate him, who would have been too successful, but for the fortunate arrival of Don Pedro, for whose generous aid they expressed their most grateful thanks, and loaded him with caresses. Don Pedro would gladly have escaped from their civilities, but found it impracticable, without betraying himself; and finding that Henriquez was determined upon remaining with him the whole night, he gave himself up to the most agonizing despair; though ignorant of the further calamities which awaited him.

One of the ruffians who had been employed to attack Henriquez, sought concealment in the dark alley, which passed under the window of the unfortunate Isabella, who anxiously waited the arrival of her lover. Hearing footsteps beneath, she opened the lattice, exclaiming, in a low and agitated voice, "Heaven be praised! you are come at last. Take these jewels. I have secured the ladder safely: keep watch while I descend." The bravo lent an attentive ear, and failed not to catch the casket which she threw into his extended hands, and, without further ceremony, absconded. When Isabella reached the ground in safety, she was filled with astonishment at finding herself alone: but imagining that he was gone forward to avoid observation, she proceeded on her way. She quickened

her pace with breathless fear: her eyes searched every corner; and her lips tremblingly pronounced the name of Pedro. Still hoping to overtake him, she hurried on, 'till, bewildered in the intricate turnings, she knew not where she was, 'till she found herself at the city gates. In the flattering hope of finding her lover, with his servants and horses, near that spot, she wandered on, unconscious of the distance, and ignorant that she had quitted the city at the side which led to the Alpaxares, a chain of mountains dividing Granada from the Mediterranean; while Don Pedro, having escaped from his tormentors, hurried to the place of assignation, and perceiving, by the appearance of the lattice, that Isabella had descended, ran wildly through the streets in search of her. Not finding the object of his pursuit at the gate, he returned to her uncle's house, just at the moment when she was missed. Henriquez eagerly caught the arm of Don Pedro: "My dear friend," he exclaimed, "Again I need your services. Isabella has eloped; assist me, my friend, to recover the fugitive before it is too late." Pedro knew not what to do. Breathless with agitation, he assured Henriquez that he might depend upon his exertions; but prudently suggested, that it would be most adviseable to take contrary roads. Henriquez, easily persuaded, thanked him for the lively interest he took in his concerns.

They mounted their horses; and Pedro, in the fond hope of recovering his Isabella, pursued his course along the road which led to Portugal; while Henriquez, by his direction, took that which the bewildered Isabella had unhappily chosen. Weary, sad, and fearful, the imprudent girl halted by the road side. The night was so dark, that no object was distinguishable; and she more than once meditated returning. Still the dread of the severity she must experience from her uncle, and the certainty of her marriage with Henriquez being hurried by her conduct, she resolved, whatever might be her fate, to bear it with fortitude, rather than submit to a sacrifice so hateful. The sound of horses' feet approaching, revived her drooping spirits. She doubted not its being her lover; when the disgusting voice of Henriquez calling to his servants, struck her motionless with terror. Her faculties were but suspended for a moment; fear lent her new energies; she broke through the thicket which fenced the road, and penetrated the deep recesses of a wood. Fainting with fatigue, her dress disordered, and her delicate feet torn by the flints and brambles, Isabella sunk on the damp earth, and remained almost insensible 'till the dawn of day. The balmy breath of morning renewed her strength. She gazed timidly around: nature wore a pleasing aspect; but her heart was sad, and its beauties charmed her not. A frothy torrent foamed from the cleft rock, and wandered in various directions through the valley, which was ornamented

namented with the neat, though humble, habitations of the goat-herds, whose sportive charges gambolled on the tops of the hills; or rushing through the underwood, caused Isabella many a needless alarm.

Her attention was soon attracted most agreeably by the sound of a rustic pipe. She gave a cry of joy; and springing forward, beheld a young peasant, with thoughtful mien, and downcast eyes, taking the path which led to the wood. "Stranger," said Isabella, "I implore your aid. I am an unfortunate outcast; direct me to some village, if there is one near, and I will bless you." "Alas! Madam," replied the peasant, respectfully, "I pity you if you are unfortunate, and would willingly conduct you to the hamlet I have just quitted, situated behind those rocks; but I have made a vow never to enter it more. I am also the child of misfortune, Madam! I loved, and fancied I was beloved; but my unfaithful mistress will this day give her hand to my rival; and I have quitted my native home never to see it more. I have nothing left but this pipe, one habit in my little bundle, and a sad remembrance of the happiness I shall never more experience." A shower of tears fell from the eyes of the tender goat-herd as he spoke. Isabella, too, wept; and a pang of anguish shot across her breast, as she reflected that Pedro, too, might be unfaithful. A new and sudden idea struck her imagination. "My friend," said she, "I am not so poor as thou art, though equally unhappy: I have in my purse more than sufficient for my own wants. Oblige me only by letting me have the habit you mentioned to me, and take as much as you may need." The peasant, overjoyed at such an advantageous bargain, gladly consented; and took leave of the liberal stranger with many expressions of gratitude.

Isabella was no sooner alone, than she sought out a retired cavern, where she hastily arrayed herself in her rustic habiliments, and gazed on herself, in the limpid stream, with surprise and satisfaction. The vest was of goat-skin, slashed with sky-blue; the hat ornamented with ribbons of the same colour; and in this simple garb Isabella thought herself more pleasing than when decorated with all her jewels. Hope whispered that her lover would yet seek, and discover her; and her romantic imagination found pleasure in the thoughts of his joy and astonishment. Filled with these illusions, she tripped lightly on, and soon reached the village to which she had been directed by the goat-herd, and repairing to the market-place, inquired of the peasants, whether they knew of any farmer who wanted a shepherd. They assembled round her with evident marks of admiration and curiosity. The girls observed, with secret pleasure, the beautiful features of the young stranger: his brilliant eyes, cast modestly on the ground, his

flowing

flowing auburn locks, his fine shape, and graceful deportment, conspired to make them imagine him some nobleman in disguise. To all their curious interrogations, Isabella simply replied, that he was an orphan named Marcello, poor and friendless, yet willing to work, if he could meet a kind employer.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from the Reports of the Committee for relieving the Distresses in Germany.

(Continued from Page 385.)

Translation of a Letter from a respectable Merchant in Nuremberg, dated December 6, 1805.

"I cannot express the excess of my joy, when I received your letter of the 22d of November, in which I read with astonishment, that one hundred pounds sterling have been assigned to our distribution among those Austrians, and others, who have been plunged by the war into poverty, want, and distress. I felt like Peter at the miraculous draught of fishes, and was so overcome by the view of this providential assistance, that I could not help exclaiming, "Lord depart from me, I am a sinful man!"—I immediately went and communicated your letter to my highly respected friend ———. We looked at each other without knowing what to say for joy and gratitude. On my knees I will adore my God, and call upon all my fellow-christians to join me in thanks and praises to the most high. Oh! what will be the reward of all those noble-minded and generous Christians in London, and Great Britain, who, from so great a distance, hastened to our relief. As soon as I had received the 100l. I placed it in the hands of the Rev. Mr. ———, 'till we can obtain from different ministers and magistrates the best information respecting those families and individuals who have suffered most severely. We will pay a due regard to good and pious people; but wherever we meet with great distress, we shall think it our duty to administer relief. There will be soon a meeting of the committee, at which the matter will be more fully considered; and in due time we will send you more circumstantial accounts, and letters of thanks we may receive, in order that you may see what emotions of joy and gratitude your gifts have caused."

Translation of a Letter from Heidelberg, dated December 8, 1805.

"From Messrs. ———, I received your very acceptable letter of the 22d of November, the contents of which filled me

me with inexpressible joy. O! thank in my name those excellent friends, who have so kindly thought upon their suffering brethren in Germany. God will reward them. "In as much as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"The plan I shall adopt in executing this most delightful commission, is as follows:—In the first place, I have this day written both to Stuttgardt and Nueremberg, in order to inform myself of the districts they intend to relieve; and by entering into a correspondence with them, I, as well as they, shall be better enabled the more equally to distribute the money committed to each of us. In the district, which falls to my lot, I will look out for some intelligent and conscientious men, with whom I may consult on the best method of affording relief, and whom I can entrust with the disposal of some part of the money. From each I shall take a receipt, keep an exact account of the whole expenditure, and finally send it over to you, for my own satisfaction, and that of the committee."

Translation of a Letter from Stuttgardt, dated December 13, 1805.

"With the most lively impressions I have just received your intelligence of the considerable present, which some English and German friends have made to such of our countrymen as have suffered most severely by the calamities of war. I will call together all those gentlemen whom you have named, with the addition of some others; the money shall be most conscientiously disposed of, and with due regard to all the particulars you mentioned, and when this has been done, a report shall be transmitted to you.

"P. S. Since the above was written, I have received the remittance of 100l. sterling."

Translation of a Letter from a respectable Gentleman in Suabia, dated December 14, 1805.

"In the electorate of Wuertemberg, the districts that have most suffered are those of Heidenheim, Koenigsbrunn, and Blaubeuren. As it was impossible so speedily to provide such a vast quantity of provisions as was demanded, every thing that could be found was taken away without scruple, so that the poor inhabitants had nothing left for themselves. Had the armies kept their position near Ulm but a few days longer, whole districts must have emigrated, or have been starved to death. The soldiers were not satisfied with taking all the provisions they could find, but also appropriated to themselves many other things. The tender voice of humanity seemed entirely sup-

pressed. One whole village in our neighbourhood was entirely plundered without any act of hostility having taken place, or any offence been given, but that the inhabitants did not possess what the French soldiers required them to furnish. From the clergyman they took literally every thing but his shirt. He, among the rest, shall partake of the benefaction from England. Several other villages met with a similar fate. Numbers of horses, which they put into requisition, as they said for a few hours, were driven on for thirty and forty hours without feeding them. Many servants and waggoners, who attempted to escape, were shot; those that did effect their escape were obliged to leave their waggons and horses behind, which the French seized, and then sold for a trifle. No idea can be formed of the excesses that were committed, even in *our* country. In Moreau's army last war a much better discipline was preserved. It is with the most perfect truth, that I affirm, no nation can sacrifice too much, in order to maintain her honour and independence, and to protect herself from similar outrages. Germany would never have suffered so much, nor sunk so deeply, had all our princes exerted themselves with energy, and been perfectly united among themselves. Yet still, perhaps, a man of genius and spirit may arise, a German Nelson, who may save us from entire destruction. May the noble-minded English nation preserve her present unanimity, and continue vigorously to exert all her energy and power. Then, under the blessing of God, she will never sink to be the slave of a foreign nation, even though that nation should subjugate the whole continent."

Translation and Extract of a Letter from the Right Rev. Dr. C. Salfeld, Abbot of Loccum, First Counsellor of his Majesty's Consistory at Hanover, and First Member of the Hanoverian States, to the Rev. Mr. Kueper.

"HANOVER, DECEMBER 30, 1805.

"It is impossible, my dear friend, to express the great and heartfelt-joy you have given me. May the blessings of Almighty God be with that charitable society of honest and noble-minded men, who in so active a manner do interest themselves for distressed suffering mankind in Germany: and may God bless you my friend! Such is my wish, the wish of our state ministers, and of all those whom I have made my confidents. Some of them will unite with me to form a committee, and it shall then be my duty to let you know their names, and likewise the principles we have adopted and acted upon, in distributing this bounty from London.

"Since Michaelmas last, I confess it to you, I was continually low spirited, and often my fortitude failed, and my courage

forsook me. But your letter, by its pleasing contents, has at once raised and strengthened me again. May God preserve us quiet and in peace, and protect us, that we may not again become the prey of hostile power and extortion!"

The committee having communicated some copies of their former printed papers to the royal family, it is with high satisfaction that they now publish the following extract of a letter on the subject, from George Best, esq. privy counsellor for his majesty's Hanoverian dominions, to the Rev. Mr. Kueper.

"*Duke-street, St. James's, 6th January*, 1806.

"It certainly will afford you great pleasure to hear that I yesterday had an opportunity of mentioning to his majesty the benevolent intentions of the society which has been formed in London, for the express purpose of diminishing, as much as possible, the sufferings and wants occasioned by the war, chiefly among the poorer classes in Germany; and that, their humane design, and the actual relief which they have already afforded to his majesty's German subjects in Hanover, was received with very visible emotion by his majesty, and met with his most gracious approbation.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. LA TROBE.

"*Neville's-Court, Fetter-Lane, London, January* 21, 1806.

"Great distress prevails in Upper Lusatia, Bohemia, and the adjacent parts, among the poorer classes of society, amongst whom are many truly pious families, in connection or acquaintance with our brethren. I yesterday received a letter from Herrnhut, stating the misery of the people in that neighbourhood to be very great indeed, and likely to rise still higher before the next harvest. Our brethren at Herrnhut, and elsewhere, have exerted themselves to the utmost of their power, and by their connections have procured corn, &c. when none else could get it, and thereby have kept many poor families from perishing with hunger: but now the scarcity begins to be felt in all our settlements, and there is an almost total stagnation of all business. The poor linen manufacturers in Lusatia, Bohemia, &c. are entirely destitute of employ.

"Two of our missionaries, going to Surinam, told me, that many people had died in consequence of the unwholesomeness of the articles they were obliged to substitute for bread.

"If in behalf of these poor sufferers, the committee think proper to entrust me with part of their benevolent contributions, we can most readily and safely convey whatever charity they may think proper to bestow on the most deserving and needy objects."

The committee most readily resolved, to employ the united brethren, (commonly called Moravians,) to distribute a considerable portion of relief in the districts above-mentioned: by the vicinity of whose residence to Moravia, the late scene of dreadful conflict and devastation, they will be enabled to penetrate the most insulated abodes of misery in those countries, and to relieve the wretched inhabitants who had survived the late terrible contest.

(To be continued.)

Hint to many Families in the Country, extracted from a Novel entitled "The Winter in London."

"AND so this is seeing company! and pray tell me for what one rational purpose are these people come? or wherefore has his grace of Belgrave invited them? "Sir," exclaimed the lovely dreamer starting. The baronet repeated the question: "would you have me answer that question *seriously?*" Sir Alfred said, "yes." "I should make but a feeble apologist for fashion, I fear; but I think full-dressed assemblies, as they promote consumption of a variety of our manufactures, are useful."

"I have no objection in the world," said Sir Alfred, "to full dress assemblies, but I could wish to see such crowds as these confined to public places. I am sorry, for that reason, that Ranelagh and the Pantheon are exploded, and instead of them, to see private houses converted into public shews; while household joys and *comforts* cease. All the *good* purposes of a rout were answered by Ranelagh and the Pantheon; without these ridiculous rivalships among people of fashion, in the *size* of their rooms, and the *number* of their guests."

"The next day while the bells of the neighbouring churches were ringing for *afternoon* service, the court-yard of Belgrave-house was crowded with horses, carriages, and grooms, in preparation for the Sunday *morning* amusements of the park!!!"

A concise History of the last Revel held in the Inner Temple on February 2, 1733, in the Presence of the Right Hon. Charles Lord Talbot, then Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

THE last revel in the Inner Temple was held in honour of Mr. Talbot, when he took leave of that house, of which he was a bencher, on having the great seal delivered to him.

On

On the 2d day of February, in the year 1733, the lord chancellor came into the Inner Temple hall, about two o'clock, preceded by the master of the revels (Mr. Wollaston), and followed by the master of the Temple (Dr. Sherlock), then bishop of Bangor, and by the judges and serjeants, who had been members of that house. There was a very elegant dinner provided for them, and the lord chancellor's officers; but the barristers and students of the house had no other dinner got for them, than what is usual on all grand days; but each mess had a flask of claret, besides the common allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited at the bench-table, among whom was Mr. Talbot, the lord chancellor's eldest son; and, by their means, any sort of provision was easily obtained from the upper-table by those of the rest.

A large gallery was built over the screen, and was filled with ladies, who came, for the most part, a considerable time before the dinner began, and the music was placed in the little gallery, at the upper end of the hall, and played all dinner time.

As soon as dinner was ended, the play began, which was, "Love for Love," with the farce of "The Devil to pay," The actors, who performed, all came from the Haymarket in chairs (commonly called sedans), ready dressed; and, as it was said, refused any gratuity for their trouble, looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient.

After the play, the lord chancellor, master of the temple, judges, and benchers, retired into their parliament chamber, and, in about half an hour afterwards, came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place; then the master of the revels, who went first, took the lord chancellor by the right hand; and he, with his left, took Mr. J. Page, who, joined to the other judges, serjeants, and benchers, danced, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire* according to the old ceremony three times; during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the prothonotary, then upwards of sixty years of age: and, all the time of the dance, a song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown, whose father had been formerly master of the plea-office, in the king's-bench.

When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament-chamber, and stayed about a quarter

* These revels have been ridiculed by Dr. Donne in his satires, by Prior in his Alma, and by Pope in his Dunciad:

"The judge to dance his brother serjeant calls."

of an hour, while the hall was putting in order; then they went into the hall, and danced a few minuets. Country dances began about ten, and at twelve o'clock a very fine collation was provided for the whole company, from which they returned to dancing, which they continued as long as they pleased; and the whole day's entertainment was generally allowed to be very genteel and liberally conducted.

The prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time; he came into the music gallery, incognito, about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal-fire was over.

Interesting Extract taken from Captain Beaver's African Memoranda; relative to an Attempt to establish a British Settlement on the Island of Bulama, on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1792.

OF two hundred and seventy-five persons who sailed from England, in order to settle on the island, there remained to him, after eleven months were elapsed, only three white and two black men, with two boys; who, together with three sailors, made the whole strength of the colony! His own exertions were so severe and unremitting, that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of them without transcribing more of his journal than would be convenient. When he saw the settlers almost daily falling sacrifices to the unhealthiness of the climate, and to despondency of mind, it is surprising that his own firmness remained unshaken; and that he himself should have survived several attacks of fever with which he was afflicted. A memorandum, made on the day following his recovery from a severe illness, will shew the character of the man, and his ardour in the enterprize which he conducted:

"Between seven and eight in the evening I could no longer articulate; but was seized with a rattling in my throat, which I conceived to be a symptom of my not very distant dissolution. I was still sensible; and, indeed, for an hour after this rattling first seized me. It was now that I heard every one say that it was all over; and that Captain Cox, sitting by the sky-light almost immediately over me, said that to-morrow he should have orders to get ready to sail for England. This, now that I am better, Mr. Munden, and Mr. Aberdein, the only two members of the committee, have confirmed; as they had made up their minds to give such orders the moment that I was dead; for neither of them would take the charge of the colony,

colony, and, indeed, if they would, nobody would have staid when I was gone.

"I can with truth aver, that if in these moments I had the least wish to live, it was to preserve this colony. Death, if thou never comest clothed in greater terrors, I shall never be afraid to meet thee; for the happiest moments of my existence were those, when I expected to cease to be. May my future life be such as to enable me always to meet thee thus!

"About nine, I fell into a dose; and did not wake 'till late the next morning, the 16th, when I was out of danger; and am this day well enough to sit up a little."

Anecdotes of Dr. Shepherd, of Cambridge.

By a Member of that University.

DR. SHEPHERD was originally of St. John's-college. He was there a sizar, and on what account, and by whose means he was brought to Christ-college, is not known; but it is singular, that he became very intimate afterwards with Dr. Smith, the master of Trinity-college, and author of the optics and harmonics. It must have been from his pretensions to a knowledge of the latter, not the former, that Dr. Shepherd was introduced into such society; for the doctor was very fond of fiddling, though it used to be said, that whenever he played, he put every body out, as he could not play either in time or in tune. It was pleasant to see the doctor's *entrée* into college. The porter and all the gips were in motion; some carrying his portmanteau; others, his wig boxes; others, his fiddle cases; the doctor, bustling behind, closed the procession. They had scarcely got to his rooms in the new building, when a couple of gips were dispatched, the one to a German barber in the town, the other to an eminent fidler, of the name of Manini, supposed to be an Italian, though others asserted that he was an Englishman, and had added the *ini* to his name, to make the sounds drawn from his catgut more pleasing to an English ear.

The barber arrived first, and gave the doctor the news of the college, town, and university; the fiddler came soon after, and the fiddles were uncased. The barber prated his broken English; the doctor strummed on an instrument out of tune; the fiddler drew out his harmonious notes, and the porter and gips were unpacking the portmanteaus. In the middle of this multifarious business, preparations were made for a concert; the gips were sent out to the parties to be invited; the placing of music-stands, and collecting of music-books, with the examination of the sizing-bill, now occupied the doctor's thoughts,

thoughts, which were not brought into any degree of composure, 'till, after one or two very discordant pieces, Manini had performed one of his delightful solos.

The doctor was not only head tutor of Christ-college, but Plumian professor of experimental philosophy, and master of mechanics to the king. His talents were assuredly very moderate, but they were probably under-rated, from the contrast between him and his sub-tutors. The doctor had travelled, and his fiddling, bad as it was, had brought him into what is called good company. Thence he was the means of introducing several fellow-commoners into the college, and the reputation of his sub-tutors made up for any deficiencies in the principal. Deficient, however, as the doctor might be in morals, metaphysics, and mathematics, he possessed a certain quality of no small value. By some it is called prudence, or discretion; by others, cunning; a third class dignify it with the title of knowledge of the world; and by others it is degraded into a system of tricking, which almost deserves the name of knavery. From this quality, by whatever epithet it is marked, the doctor contrived to keep his station as head-tutor, 'till he left the college; he rose into preferment; was looked upon in the world as a great philosopher, was a great man in the royal society; and, if he were at this time alive, would probably divide the superintendance of that illustrious body with its well-known president, Sir J. Banks, who is not only the head of that body, but a member of the national institute at Paris.

The doctor loved good wine; and the port he left behind him, when he quitted this bustling world, was not inferior to the best now to be found in the cellars of any bishop, lord mayor, alderman, West India planter, East India or bank director. He knew that to have good wine, it must be well kept, and well looked after. Yet what will all the care in the world, and all the looking after do, against the tricks of fortune! The doctor had a cellar under the observatory; by the way, the very observatory that went round the world with Banks and Solander; and the sacred deposit was entrusted, very properly, to the care of our scientific doctor, the Plumian professor and master of mechanics to the king. By him it was placed in the court, behind the new building at Christ's, in a low situation, and well defended by buildings, walls, and trees. The last guess, that any one would make, on seeing it, was the end that it was intended to answer; and I fear, it was as little successful, in aiding the pursuits of the astronomer, as it was in a more important concern, the guarding of the treasures conferred to its charge.

One day, I shall never forget the day, I was dining with a fellow of the college, when in came the doctor, so pale, so wan

with care, worse than the wretch who drew Priam's curtains, and told him that his Troy was burnt. He had just arrived in college from town, had gone to his rooms, given orders for his dinner, and paid a visit to the observatory. The telescopes, the globes, the planispheres, the quadrants, the sextants, were all safe; and, if any thing had happened to them, the doctor would not have discovered it; for he made a discovery, such as never before had been made in that observatory, and of infinitely greater importance. Scarcely was the door of the inmost and most sacred recess opened, when the appearance of foreign intrusion was perceived—"Gelidus tremor occupat actus"—The doctor was in a cold sweat; the next step confirmed the rising suspicion. The byng, the very byng, in which was the Greek wine, the wine of Cyprus, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Rhodes, appeared to have lost its padlock: the lid was opened; a horrid vacuity discovered itself; not a single drop had the astronomer, who made those classical visits to the observatory, left him to entertain his friends, an Italian abbot, and a German baron, at that instant in his chambers, and expecting this delicious gusto, frequently promised to them in their journey from town. Had they taken a telescope, it might not have been missed, or the injury might have been repaired; or if the astronomers had been content with port, Madeira, or claret, it might have been borne; but to take the Greek wine, that had passed through so many perils and dangers to this retreat—to take all—not to leave a single drop—never before had such calamities fallen upon mortal man. Job bore a great deal, and well he might; for he never lost any Greek wine, nor were his friends ever in expectation of any thing with such a delicious flavour. Many were the wailings dread, the grief of the poor doctor, upon this occasion; the cup of felicity was, for that day, dropped from his lips; the nectar of the gods could not have compensated its loss, and the three cognoscenti spent a most melancholy evening over a desperately good dinner, and the choicest wines that France, Portugal, or Madeira could produce; but alas! the wines of Greece had been drunk by the astronomers, that this ill-fated observatory had brought within the walls of the college.

Account of Mr. William Ellis, Carpenter of his Majesty's ship Donegal.

THIS valuable seaman died, in consequence of a wound he received off Cape Trafalgar, in endeavouring to secure some of the prizes, in the 36th year of his age. He had been in his majesty's navy from his infancy. By the age of nine years he left his native place, Teignmouth, in Devonshire, at the

the earnest request of the late Admiral, (then Captain) Truscott, with whom he was in the action on the Dogger Bank, and in that in the West Indies, when the gallant Rodney vanquished de Grasse. In the last war, he was in the Ganges, Captain M'Dougal, at the conquest of St. Lucia in the West Indies, and on his return was appointed to the L'Espion, then in ordinary at Sheerness.

During the mutiny at the Nore, at that eventful period, when the nation was quite dismayed at the revolt of a great part of their darling navy, he volunteered his services to the Port Admiral, (Coffin) who gave him the command of a battery and fifty men, and from his great exertions in the service of his king and country, he was thanked in the handsomest manner by the admiral, and was promoted to the Loire, Captain Newman, with whom he acted in the long blockade of Havre, and at the capture of the Pallas.

At the close of the war, though the Loire was laid up in ordinary, the admiral did not suffer his active genius to lie dormant; he was appointed to the Donegal of 84 guns, commanded by the gallant Sir Richard Strachan, with whom he continued during his cruise in the Mediterranean, and at the blockade of Cadiz; shortly after which he joined the fleet of the immortal Nelson, and sailed with him in the chase after the flying combined squadron.

The circumstances attending this mournful event, which deprived his country of a meritorious officer, and a wife and four lovely children, of their sole support, are circumstantially related in the following extract of a letter from Lieutenant Greensill, an officer of the Donegal; it is dated off Cadiz, November 10, and is addressed to his disconsolate widow, stating the death of her husband. Lieutenant Greensill adds, that after the glorious 21st of October, he was sent with him on board one of the prizes; and having described the dreadful weather they encountered, he continues, "Your husband, while exerting himself with all that zeal which he ever manifested in the execution of his duty, received a wound by the fall of the main-mast; every care and attention which our distressed situation would allow of, was paid him for two days; on the third, we had no alternative but to run on shore to save our lives; the respect borne by every individual to Mr. Ellis was such, that their own lives became a secondary consideration, and every thought was how to convey him in safety to the shore. Lieutenant Fernyhough of the marines, with Mr. Bell, midshipman, of the Donegal, were purposely to remain with him, and afford him all the assistance they could procure. Here it is, my dear madam, that I request you to summon all the fortitude and religion of a Christian, to sustain the blow it has pleased providence to afflict us with: the boat was lost,

and every soul, save four, perished." After this worthy officer offering all the service in his power, he says, "Captain Malcolm also desires me to say, all the assistance he can any way render you, he will most gladly perform."

Thus died, in the prime of life and health, a man whom his superior officers treated as their equal, and to whom his inferiors always looked up as a friend.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote does honour to the good sense and benevolence of the present amiable and excellent Dr. Beresford, bishop of Cork. His lordship, about fifteen years ago, when fellow of Emanuel-college, Cambridge, wishing to try whether a servant, educated under his own inspection, would be more faithful and less dissipated than others, found, in a remote village, in Dorsetshire, a farmer who was willing to let his son go into service. This boy, named William Shears, was then thirteen years old. The bishop instructed him in writing, accounts, and English reading; and, at the same time inculcated the principles of religion, humanity, and incorruptible integrity. Rising in life with the bishop's fortune, he attended him to Ireland, was appointed seal-keeper in his diocese, and enabled to purchase a sinecure about the house of lords. He still continued butler in the bishop's family; and other favours were designed for him by his indulgent master; but a putrid fever put an end to his life, in less than a week, and separated him from a wife he tenderly loved, and a master who had always treated him with the most marked confidence and regard.

Answer, by Triangularius, of Evershot-school, to Fidelio's Question, inserted September 9.

PUT x = the greater number, and y = the lesser, then by a proper process, x is found = 20, and y = 50.

Proof $20 \times 20 + 50 \times 50 = 2900$, and $20 \times 145 = 2900$; or thus $20 \times 50 + 20 \times 20 = 1400$, agreeable to the question. Consequently 20 and 50 are the two numbers required.

☞ We have received the like answer from T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; R. Maffett, of Plymouth; and W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott.

Answer, by Primrose, of Taunton, to W. Gifford's Enigma, inserted March 10.

WITH those o'erwhelm'd by floods of deep distress,
The kind philanthropist will sympathize,
And seek, while PITY actuates his breast,
To alleviate the sufferers' miseries.

☞ We have received the like answer from R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; H. Stoneman, and P. Gove, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. Lewis, of Poole; H. Lewarn, of Grampound; Rusicus, near Hembury Fort; W. R. jun. of Yealmpton; W. D. of Bristol; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; R. Trewavas, of St. Columb; and P. Codd, of Dean Prior.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Junior, of North Curry, to T. Adey's Charade, inserted March 17.

FOR lovely Sally I will bring
A MUSK-ROSE sweet and fair,
The choicest produce of the spring
To deck that beauteous fair.

*** Similar answers have been received from P. Codd, of Dean Prior; John Lewis, of Poole; R. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior; R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and W. D. and W. Cross, of Bristol.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inserted March 17.

"WOULD you preserve a numerous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous OTTER chase:
Th' ambitious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts thro' the waves, and every haunt explores."

☞ We have received the like answer from Adrianus; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; H. Lewarn, of Grampound; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. Cross, of Bristol; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; T. Coumbs, of St. German's; R. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior; W. Sparks, of Uffculm; M. Duncan, jun. of Plymouth; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and S. C. Moore, of Horswell House.

A CHARADE, *by H. Glasson, of Praze.*

IF you should stray o'er yonder green,
My first is there in plenty seen;
Part of a mill you'll next survey,
With ease my second to display:
Connect these simple parts aright,
An insect you'll soon bring to light.

A REBUS, *by S. C. Moore, of Horswell-House, near Kingsbridge.*

A Mighty prince, you'll first unfold,
Troy's fictious name, I pray, behold;
My next a beast you must descry,
Under the last we all must lie:
Join the initials right and true,
An insect then you'll bring to view;
The insect, if transpos'd with care,
What swiftly flies will then appear.

POETRY.

Address for the Anniversary of the Literary Fund, at Freemason's Hall, on May 8, 1806.

Written and recited by W. T. FITGERALD, *Esq.*

NOW many a fleeting year has passed away
Since first my muse, with unambitious lay,
Was eager to promote your gen'rous plan,
Which succours merit, and ennobles man.
Each step you took some obstacle arose—
The fate of genius is to have its foes!
Dawning success your ceaseless cares attend,
Science revives—for Brunswick is her friend;
The crystal drop thus falls unseen, unknown,
And yet in time it perforates the stone.

That power, who wisely on mankind bestows
A thirst for happiness, and dread of woes,
Could ne'er ordain the learned and the wise
To sink in want, while vice and folly rise.
Go, and explore the prison's gloomy cell,
Where pale disease, and hopeless misery dwell;
Oft will you find the man of letters there,
Torpid with grief, or frantic with despair!
Behold his children meet his ghastly eye,
Asking that bread he has not to supply;
While, like a lily bending to the shower,
The beauteous partner of his happier hour,
With all a wife's and mother's cares oppress'd,
Sinks her pale cheek upon her husband's breast—
Stone-moulded hearts (for such there are 'mongst men)
Think he may find subsistence from his pen.
Spare the reproach!—is this a time t'inspire
The slave of poverty to wake the lyre?
Can genius soar, can fancy warm the brain
Of the poor victim of distress and pain,
Who hopeless sees, to blast the wish for life,
A starving offspring, and a dying wife?
But as the breeze, and heav'n-descending dew,
In drooping flowers their vivid tints renew,
Give a fresh verdure to the arid plain,
And make the face of nature smile again!
So shall your bounty these dark mansions cheer,
Warm the cold heart, and charm away the tear;
Bid genius to new flights of fancy soar,
Science rejoice, and learning pine no more!
The muse's heart with inspiration fire,
Tyrtæus like, to strike the patriot lyre;
The poet, arm'd in England's sacred cause,
Courts not the feather of a vain applause;
Not prone to flatter power, or power oppose,
And only hostile to his country's foes!
Like Hannibal, he swears eternal hate
To him—the opposite of all that's great!
Each tear that tyrant draws from virtue's eye,
A watchful angel registers on high;

And

And in the awful record shall appear,
The tyrant's groan for groan, and tear for tear!
On servile nations let the despot tread;
They well deserve the yoke who bow the head;
Yet freedom shackled, sinks but for an hour,
The spring confin'd, accumulates its pow'r;
Thus realms enslav'd, by sad experience wise,
Must in the end on their oppressor rise;
The chain can only gall those slaves who yield,
The bold find safety in the tented field!
There freedom's sons can never lose the day,
Unless, like cowards, they themselves betray:
Fate leaves this choice for ever to the brave,
A life of honour, or a laurell'd grave!
And brings these bright examples to our sight,
To die like Nelson, or endure like Wright.*

Among ourselves we often may contend,
A watchful jealousy is freedom's friend;
Thus sudden storms, and elemental strife,
Leave purer air to renovated life!
But never let the foe presume to find,
Amidst our party feuds, one traitor mind;
Invasion would invite each heart, each hand,
In one great cause—our king and native land!
And were our bulwarks of the sea surpass'd,
And Gallia's legions on our plains at last:
Tho' they escape our vengeance on the wave,
Here they should find their everlasting grave.
Nations oppress'd by plund'ring France should see
The dreadful triumph of a people free,
Who, 'midst the wreck of Europe, stand unaw'd
By Gallic violence, or Prussian fraud;
Who nobly feel their monarch's wrongs their own,
Attach'd by every virtue to his throne!
And at their naval hero's trophied shrine,
They swear, by all things human and divine!
By all that bad men fear, and good adore!
No foreign tyrant shall pollute their shore.
England herself will England's cause maintain,
And prove that Nelson has not died in vain.

* It is uncertain whether Captain Wright is now a prisoner in France, or whether his misfortunes have been terminated by death.

Dr. DARWIN's ADDRESS *to* MAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny show'r,
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bow'r.

Light graces, dress'd in flow'ry wreaths,
And tip-toe joys, their hands combine;
And love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.
Warm with new life, the glitt'ring throngs
On quiv'ring fin, and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee goddess of the spring!